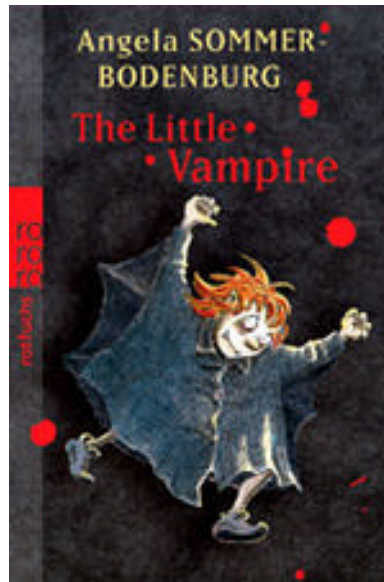


Leseprobe aus:

Angela Sommer-Bodenburg
The Little Vampire

(S. 13-17)





Anton Bohnsack,
called Tony Prasbody in this book,
loves reading. He likes exciting stories
about vampires and knows all about
the way they live.



Rüdiger von Schlotterstein,
the little vampire, is called Rudolph
Sackville-Bagg in the English version.
He has been a vampire for at least
150 years. If you want to know how
he and Tony became friends you
best read this book!

Then Tony heard a strange *rattling*, which seemed to come from the window. He thought he could make out a shadow behind the curtain, outlined against the bright moonlight. Very slowly, with knees knocking, he forced himself nearer. The strange smell grew stronger, as if someone had been burning a whole box of matches. The rattling was getting louder too. Suddenly Tony *stood rooted to the spot*. On the *window-sill*, in front of the blinds, which were moving gently in the night breeze, a Thing was sitting watching him. Tony thought he would faint with horror. Two small, *bloodshot* eyes gleamed at him from a deathly pale face framed by *tangled* hair, which hung in tendrils down to a *grubby*, black cloak. The figure opened and closed its gaping mouth, *grinding its teeth* in a most terrifying manner, and Tony noticed that these teeth were extremely white, and pointed like daggers. *Tony's hair stood on end*, and his heart practically stopped beating! The Thing at the window was worse than King Kong, worse than Frankenstein, worse than Dracula even! It was the most hair-raising apparition, Tony had ever seen!

The Thing seemed to enjoy seeing Tony frightened out of his wits, because it drew its enormous mouth back into a dreadful grin to reveal its needle-sharp, widely spaced teeth more clearly. "A vampire!" gulped Tony.

13

rattling: Geratter/Klappern / *to stand rooted to the spot*: wie angewurzelt stehen bleiben / *window-sill*: Fensterbank / *bloodshot*: blutunterlaufen / *tangled*: verworren / *grubby*: schmutzig / *to grind one's teeth*: mit den Zähnen knirschen / *Tony's hair stood on end*: Tonys Haare standen zu Berge



And the Thing answered in a voice that seemed to come from the *bowels of the earth*. “But of course I’m a vampire!” It sprang into the room and stood *firmly* in front of the door. “Are you afraid?” it asked.

Tony could not make a sound.

“You’re a bit *skinny* – not much *flesh* on you, I’ll bet.” The vampire looked him up and down. “Where are your parents?”

“I-in the cinema,” *stammered* Tony.

“Aha. Now, let’s see. Is your father a healthy *fellow*? Would his blood be . . . er, tasty?” The vampire giggled, and its teeth *glistened* in the moonlight. “As I’m sure you are aware, we vampires live on blood!”

bowels of the earth: das Erdinnere / *firm*: bestimmt /
skinny: dünn, mager / *flesh*: Fleisch / *to stammer*: stammeln /
fellow: Bursche, Kerl / *to glisten*: funkeln

“I-I have very b-bad blood,” stuttered Tony hastily. “I-I have to t-take pills for it.”

“Poor you,” said the vampire *nastily*, taking a step nearer.

“Don’t touch me!” *shrieked* Tony, attempting to duck. All he managed to do was to knock the end of his bed, and a bag of *jelly babies* tumbled off onto the floor, the contents spilling out onto the carpet.

The vampire laughed with a *rumble* that sounded like a *peal of thunder*. “Well, well! Jelly babies!” It looked almost human. “I used to have these,” it mused. “Grandma used to give them to me.”

It put a jelly baby into its mouth and chewed it thoughtfully. Then all of a sudden it spat it out and began to choke and cough, *swearing* furiously as it did so. Tony took the opportunity of hiding behind his desk, but the vampire was so shaky after its coughing *fit* that it collapsed onto the bed, and for several minutes did not move. Then it pulled out a large, blood-spotted handkerchief from under its cloak, and blew its nose long and hard.

“That could only happen to me,” it grumbled. “My mother did warn me.”

“Warned you about what?” inquired Tony curiously. He felt much more confident from his position behind the desk.

The vampire glanced *furiously* across at him.

“Vampires have very sensitive stomachs, stupid. Sweets are like poison for us.”

Tony felt quite sorry for him. “Would you like some apple juice instead?” he asked.

The vampire gave a *blood-curdling* cry. “What are you trying to do? Make me sick?” he yelled.

“I’m sorry,” said Tony. “I was only trying to help.”

“That’s all right.” *Apparently*, the vampire had not taken offense.

In fact, thought Tony, it’s a very nice vampire, in spite of its looks. Tony had always imagined vampires to be much worse.

“Are you old?” he asked.

“As old as the hills,” came the reply.

“But you’re much smaller than me.”

“So? I was just a kid when I died.”

“Oh, I see.” Tony had not thought of that. “And are you still . . . I mean, do you have a *tomb*?”

The vampire grinned. “You could come and visit me if you like. But only after dark. We sleep during the day-time.”

“I know,” said Tony. At last, here was an opportunity *to show off* how much he knew about vampires. “If vampires come into contact with sunlight, they die. So they

furious: wütend / *blood-curdling*: blutgerinnend, hier: markerschütternd / *apparent*: offensichtlich, anscheinend / *tomb*: Grab / *to show off*: angeben

have to hurry through their night's business in order to be back in their tombs by sunrise."

"What a clever fellow," *sneered* the vampire *maliciously*.

"And if you discover the grave of a vampire," continued Tony, warming to his account, "you have to drive a *wooden stake* through its heart."

It would have been better not to have said this, because the vampire uttered a chilling *growl* and sprang at Tony. But Tony was too quick. He shot out from under the desk and made for the door with the enraged vampire hard on his heels. Just before he reached the door, the vampire caught him. This is it, thought Tony. He's going to bite. But the vampire just stood *panting* in front of him, its eyes glowing like hot *embers* and *gnashing* its teeth – click-clack, click-clack. It took Tony by the shoulders and shook him. "If you *ever* start on again about wooden stakes, it'll be curtains for you! Understand?"

"Y-yes," stammered Tony. "I-I really didn't mean to get at you."

"Sit down!" *barked* the vampire. Tony *obeyed*. The vampire began to pace up and down the room.

"What am I going to do with you now?" it asked.